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By: Katherine Hughes.

ANNALS OF A NOTED PATHFINDER.

1. JOSEPH McDONALD.

(Grandnephew of Mad Mackay and Guide of Palliser Gives Origin of Name Edmonton, and says Edmonton was Once Called Hughes' Fort (Corrupted to Fort Auguste and Fort Augustus), Hughes who was with Macdonald of Garth in Founding this Post, Having Charge of the Post for Some Years.)

As surely as the wild hawk's young takes to the wing, so used the sons of the old-time fur-trader take to the life of the plains and rivers. They were born with a love of the wilds, and their fathers' stories fostered it in them.

That is why Joe McDonald could not stay on the farm in the Red River settlement after he was twenty years of age. He had heard from his father, Donald McDonald, such stories of the glorious free life on the plains and up in the mountains, that, to use his own words, the heart of the lad "knew no rest until I saw that Garden of Eden for myself."

So he set out to run a tilt with the world, and at Winnipeg he fell in with John Rowand, a son of the noted chief factor of that name, and engaged with him to come up to Edmonton and round up some stock that his father had left here. This was in 1855, twenty years after Joe

McDonald was born in Selkirk, and twenty-three years after his father's retirement from the Hudson Bay Service.

It was only fitting that the son of this Donald McDonald, and grandnephew of "Mad Mackay" should feel the lure of the open trail. It was in his blood-hot Highland blood on one side, and French-Canadian voyageur and Cree on the maternal side.

To dip into a dimmer past!

Back in the Highlands these McDonalds had been strong, restive men, daring in the field, and enduring at the table. And the MacKays--for MoeMcDonald's grandmother was a MacKay from Lord Rae's country--were just such a race again.

In 1775 one of these men, Donald MacKay, took a commission in the company of Adventurers trading into the Hudson Bay, and soon after coming to Rupert's land, was placed in charge of Fort Severn at the mouth of the Severn River. Here, when the French ships and their dashing fighters had worked the surrender of Fort Churchill, MacKay was compelled to surrender his post as well, and he was carried off a prisoner to Paris. For a whole year his wild spirit chafed in a French dungeon until the prisoners of war were exchanged and MacKay hurried back to the wilds.

He was put in charge of Fort Pelley, then an important post in the interior, and there resumed the round of a fur-trader's life. A very lively round it was in those days too, before the Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest were united. MacKay never forgot, and never forgave, those

three years in prison in Paris and he had his revenge out of every Frenchman he could find an excuse to shoot. That was why he was called Mad MacKay.

In the year 1805, Donald MacKay went home on furlough, and while in Scotland visited his sister, the mother of Donald McDonald. That good Highland mother was then in sore grief. Three of her boys were far away in battle on the continent, and here was the youngest of her brood of eaglets chafing to be off with them. She had a great fear, a veritable presentiment of the mother-heart, that these wars would work her some disaster. It was verified when two of her sons gave up their lives with their gallant leader Moore at Corunna and a third escaped from Waterloo all maimed and wounded.

But the youngest boy was saved from the war by his uncle's glowing stories of the wild, free life in Rupert's Land; and another recruit was gained for the picturesque service of the Hudson Bay Company. This was in 1805. His first task in Rupert's Land was to learn the duties of interpreter, for matters had reached such a stage in the war of the rival companies, that the Hudson Bay could no longer trust its own interpreters.

The Northwest Company, MacDonald was told, were bribing their rival's interpreters, and the newest plan of this energetic rival was to provide interpreters out of the number of its own employees. The board of directors at London having decided on this course in 1805, volunteers were asked for, on the arrival of the ships in the Hudson

Bay, to go into the remote west and live with the wandering bands of pagan Indians. Less was known then of the west and Indians than now; both mystery and dread hung over the least-known parts, and it was considered a brave thing in Donald MacDonald and his friend Munroe when they volunteered to go up into the country of the Blackfeet and Bloods and learn their language.

Monroe was the son of a Colonel Monroe who fell fighting under Wolfe at Quebec, and a braver, more fearless pair of frontiersmen than these two would be difficult to find.

They came up the Saskatchewan in 1805 to what is now Edmonton, but which then was known both as Fort des Prairies and Hughes' Fort. Hughes who was a "wintering partner" of the North-West company was with Macdonald of Garth and Shaw in founding Edmonton, and was for some time in charge of the Fort, Joe McDonald says, so that gradually it came to be known as Hughes' Fort. The Hudson Bay Company also had a post here, when Donald McDonald came, built down by the river where the city power-house is now.

Down on the flats below the Groat residence was the post of the North-West Company in charge of Hughes, and the majority of this company's employees who were of French-Canadian extraction always spoke of Hughes' Fort as Fort a' Hughes which to French ears--unfamiliar with the English name Hughes, became twisted into Fort Auguste and finally translated into English by traders and missionar-

ies in the last half of the nineteenth century, as Fort Augustus. This explanation of the origin of the name Fort Augustus (made both by Joe McDonald and John Sinclair) clears up the mystery that surrounded the origin of this name.

Upon the origin of this name both Joe McDonald and John Sinclair, the oldest of Edmonton old-timers, are agreed. Both still remember old Indians and Hudson Bay men, who always spoke of this post as Hughes' Fort. But in 1821, Joe McDonald says, when the two companies amalgamated, the Hudson Bay Company's post was in charge of an Englishman named Bird, who afterwards dropped the white man's ways and became an Indian chief. Before he did this, however, he gave a name to the place--Edmonton--after his birthplace in England, the town immortalized in the ballad of John Gilpin.

But to return to 1805 and the two adventure-loving Scots who were on their way west to the Pagan country. At Edmonton they found a comparatively small post, the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company's trade in this district being then located at Dogrump Fort situated on an island near St. Paul des Metis. (The Palliser party, guided by Joe McDonald, made a special visit to this island in 1858 to see the old cellars of this Fort, of which Donald McDonald had spoken so often to his son.)

Up here that year Donald McDonald met with another McDonald, of whom he often spoke as a man of Herculean strength and daring, and whom Joe McDonald now believes to

be McDonald of Garth, who established the North-West Company's post at Edmonton. It was told of this McDonald that one time rather than risk his life by running from a wounded and furious buffalo, he faced the infuriated beast, , grasped its horns and twisted its neck off.

After leaving Edmonton young McDonald, the father of Joe McDonald who told this story to the writer, and his friend Monroe, kept on their way to the pagan country where no white man lived. Here they found the warlike Blackfeet whose descendants linger about the southern ranching country and the foothills still. This tribe was always at war with the Crees, the Nez-Percees, the Sioux, and when the two young white men came among them at the Chief Mountain, with death-dealing rifles, the shrewd Blackfeet at once saw their value and the possibilities of their iron fire-belching sticks. They made the two war-chief, giving McDonald the name of Big Lake.

"Talk about your commissions," said the worthy son of Donald McDonald in a splendid flash of spirit. "That was one worth the having. No chicken-hearted men were put in a post like that.

In 1826, old Bow Fort, now Morley, was established by McDonald and Monroe, Colin Fraser (father of Henry and Colin Fraser, of Edmonton), John Edward Harriet and Jimmy Jock, whose real name was James Bird and who was a son of Bird, the ex-officer of the company. Colin Fraser had come into the country two years earlier with Sir George Simpson as his piper.

As the Indians were too hostile here to live comfortably among them, the post was abandoned and its staff moved up to Rocky Mountain House, which had been established previously. But after the amalgamation of the two companies, John Rowand of the Northwest Company was left in charge here at Edmonton. He was from Quebec, a capable, high-spirited, imperious man, and Monroe, the son of the man who fell at Quebec, did not like his command, so he dropped out of the company's service, acted as interpreter for the American traders at Benton, and later spent his days with his Blackfoot wife, living as one of her people. He died at Fort McLeod at the ripe age of 109 years. His granddaughter is now the wife of one of Donald McDonald's grandsons.

Donald McDonald, who had married the pretty daughter of a Montreal voyageur named Beaudry, retired to the Selkirk settlement in 1832, and it was here that his son, Joe McDonald, was born three years later. As told before Joe McDonald had scarcely reached manhood's years before he chafed to go into the upper country and see the wonders his father had seen. At Winnipeg, as also told before, he fell in with John Rowand the son of John Rowand, the great factor, and he came overland to Edmonton to round up the elder Rowand's stock. They rode across country on cayuses with an Indian from Fort Carleton, coming up from Winnipeg by way of Gull Lake.

The country was then all cut up with buffalo trails, and a man could easily lose his way. At Edmonton, Chief Factor Swanson, who succeeded Rowand, for a few years, was